

CLASH OF THE TEENY TITANS!

PROG 462
22 MAR 86

24p
EARTH
MONEY

IN ORBIT
EVERY
MONDAY

2000 AD

FEATURING JUDGE DREDD



NERVE CENTRE

BORAG THUNGG, EARTHLETS,

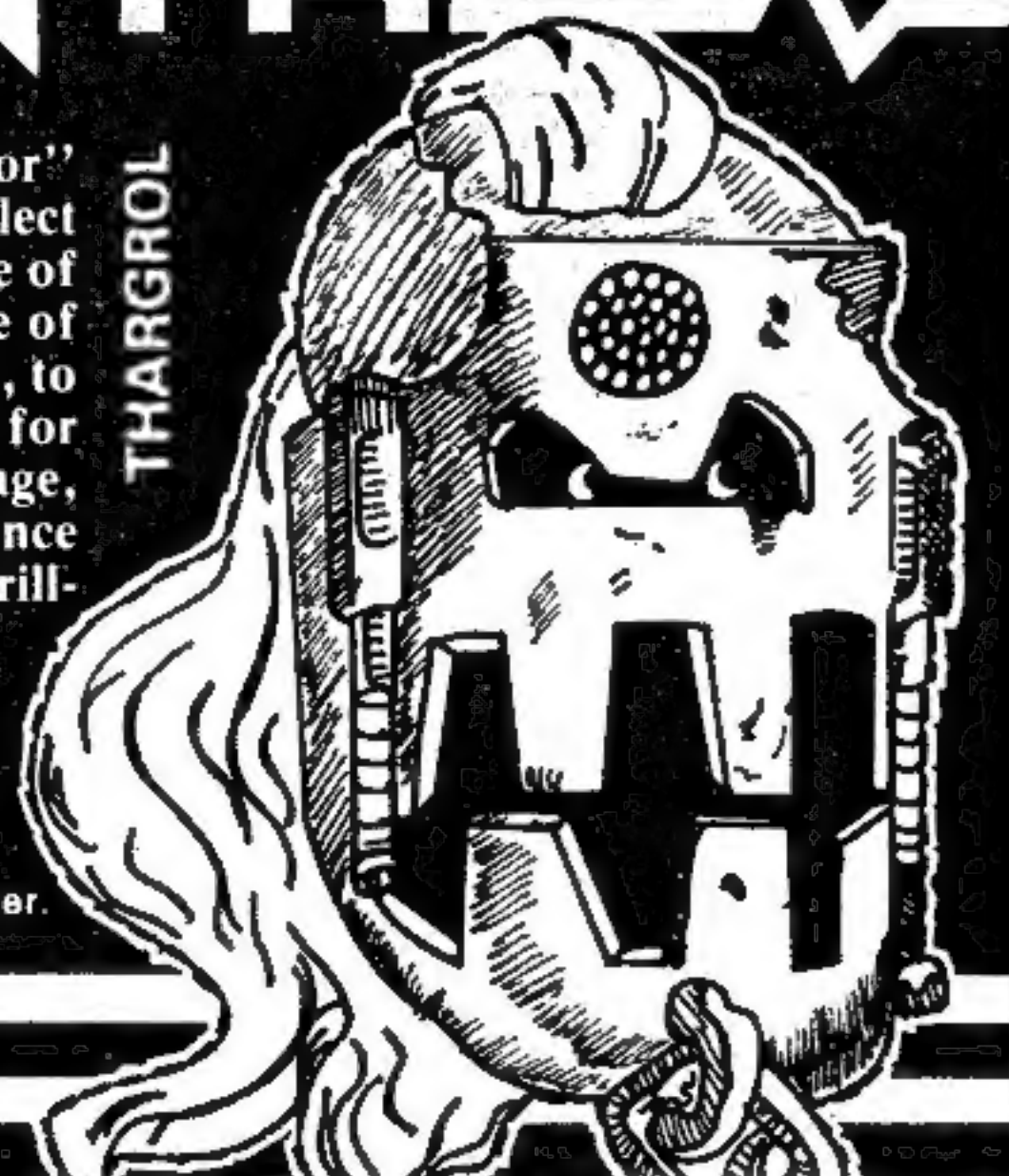
As all right-thinking Squaxx dek Thargo know, my scrotnig saga "The Tomb Of Terror" began long ago in Prog 447, and ended last week in Prog 461. Go, Terrans, and collect together those 15 powerful progs. Look ye at the magnificent artwork in every episode of *Slaine*. Ponder how ghafflebette it would be if you – yes, YOU – could select any one of those perfect pages, and receive in turn the original artwork, signed by my mighty self, to hang on your own dungeon wall! In this prog, I, Tharg the Generous, make it possible for one of you to win this zarjaz prize in my *Slaine* competition. You will need courage, Earthlets, you will need imagination, you will need a fiendish sense of humour...and since most of you possess that last quality in abundance, you should obtain maximum thrill-power from entering this incredibly devious test of initiative!

SPLUNDIG VUR THRIGG!

THARG

Drawn by Earthlet
Justin Lee Fuller,
Telford. £10 Winner.

THARGROL



PRIME DREAD!



Drawn by very cheeky Earthlet
Ben Claridge, Kenilworth. £10 Winner.

FLEET STREET STRIKES AGAIN!

Dear Mighty One,

Sacrilege! The Daily Mirror, 23rd January edition, contained a photograph of 'Lemmy' from the pop group Motorhead tearing up a copy of 2000 AD with the new false teeth he's just had installed! Rigelian Hotshots should be on their way even as I write this letter! Is the man a known Squaxx dek Thargo? If so, he should be excommunicated!
From Earthlet Daniel Moor, Lough.
£5 Winner.

I, too, saw the scan in that Terran newspaper, and I, too, was shocked – not least because they failed to mention that the scan was taken by one of my own droids, and that it first appeared in 2000 AD Prog 281! Perhaps an apology, plus a free bingo card, will be forthcoming.

JUDGE CHOPPER?

Tharg, m'maaan,

Delayed thanks to all those involved in *Judge Dredd's "Midnight Surfer"*. Art and story were truly enjoyable, and the surfer's opinion of Justice Dept 100% understandable when you consider the "Hey! You there, havin' fun! Stop!" attitude of the judges. How about offering Chopper an amnesty, in return for setting up a Recce/Pursuit Division, comprised of skilful surfers? As for *Halo Jones*, Book 3 is going to win awards (all of them).

From Earthlet Dave Chalmers, Cambridge.
£5 Winner.

I have passed your interesting suggestion to T.B. Grover, and I look forward to receiving all of the awards which Halo so richly deserves.

HORSES AND HOUNDS (AND HORNS)

Dear Tharg,

I'm sorry to be picky, but I'd like to point out a few historical facts for the benefit of less enlightened Earthlets. Vikings never wore horns on their helmets, and they nearly always travelled on horseback, rather than on foot. I will only forgive Art Robot Carlos Ezquerro if... 1/ Johnny Alpha and Co. have been forced to eat their horses 2/ Somebody in the story is allergic to horses OR 3/ The Vikings with horns on their helmets were trying to start a new fashion. If none of these are true, please send Ezquerro a Rigelian Hotshot on my behalf.

From Earthlet Sara Boorman, Reading.
£5 Winner.
It's on its way.

VOTE HERE!

Each week Tharg displays your drawings and letters on his Nerve Centre. There are big cash prizes for every entry published, so write to him now! The address is: THARG'S NERVE CENTRE, COMMAND MODULE 2019, KING'S REACH TOWER, STAMFORD STREET, LONDON SE1 9LS.

List your three favourite stories IN THIS PROG on the coupon and enclose it with your entry.

1.....
2.....
3.....

I Dislike:.....

My Age is..... 462

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This outfit will be sent **ABSOLUTELY FREE** if you send us your name, address. We will also send a selection of **SPECIAL APPROVALS**, post free, which you can buy for **half price (£2)**, purchase just the stamps you want, or simply return the booklet undamaged, but first—ask your parents' advice.



PHILATELIC SERVICES
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MINUTE 1:

IN THROUGH THE SHIELD DOORS,
STUMBLING OVER EACH OTHER,
WE ENTER THE CRUSH, ALL
SCREAMING TO OURSELVES INSIDE
OUR SOUNDPROOFED HELMETS.

AHEAD, VIOLET LIGHTS,
CRACKLING, FLASHING:
ENEMY BEAM WEAPONS
THAT CAN LIQUEFY ROCK.
I ADVANCE TOWARDS
THEM...

THERE'S NO POINT
IN RUNNING AWAY.
NOT IN A G-SUIT.

EVERYTHING AROUND ME
SEEMS TO DISTORT AS THE
MONSTER GRAVITY BENDS
LIGHT ITSELF, TWISTING AND
STRETCHING IT AS IF IT
WERE FLEXI-GEL.

MY VISION CLEARS
MOMENTARILY. SOME
WAY OFF, I SEE FIGURES.
THEY AREN'T MOVING...

2000AD
Credit Card:
SCRIPT ROBOT
ALAN MOORE
ART ROBOT
IAN GIBSON
LETTERING ROBOT
STARKINGS
COMPU-73e

... AND NEITHER ARE THE PENETRATOR
BULLETS, HANGING IN THE AIR
LIKE A FROZEN METAL
SWARM...

... AND NEITHER ARE
THE WEIGHTLESS
BEADS OF
BLOOD...

The Ballad Of HAL JONES

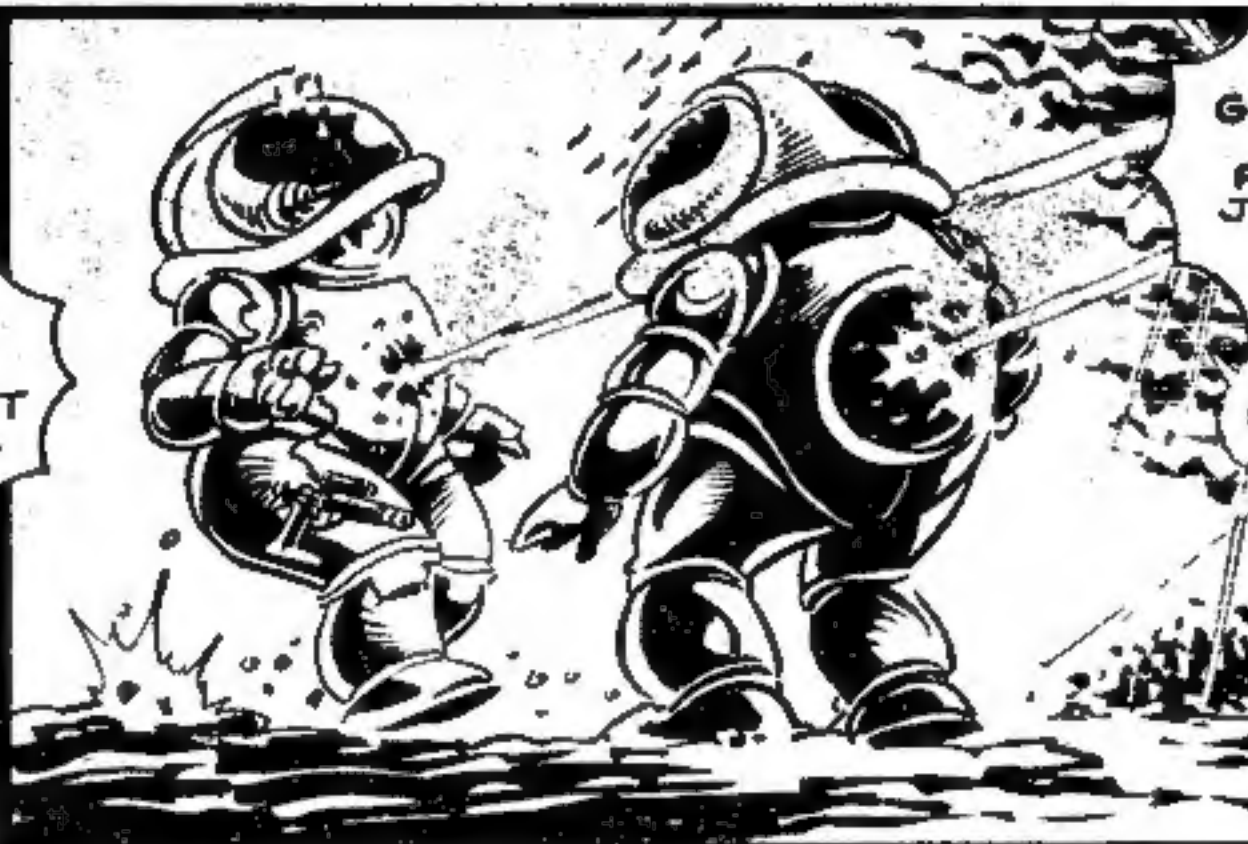
11: Slow Death



MINUTE 2:

JONES! COME ON! DON'T FREEZE UP OR THE THREADLIGHTS WILL GET A FIX ON YOU!

SARGE? TH-THOSE PEOPLE... THEY AREN'T MOVING...



YES THEY ARE. THE GRAVITY IN THEIR PART OF THIS FLUKE AREA IS JUST MORE INTENSE, SO THEIR TIME SCALE IS DIFFERENT.

AS WE GET NEARER, THEY'LL SEEM TO SPEED UP! NOW MOVE!

IT'S TRUE. WE'RE RUNNING TOWARDS THE STATUE-PEOPLE IN OUR CLUMSY SUITS, AND EVERYTHING'S STARTING TO MOVE...

THE BULLETS INCH FORWARDS. THE SPRAY OF ARTERIAL CRIMSON DESCENDS GRADUALLY - A SLOW, HIDEOUS DEW...



THE GAP BETWEEN US NARROWS. TEN METRES. NINE METRES.

THE BULLETS ARE MOVING FASTER NOW. SEVEN METRES.



SCREAMING LIKE A SLOWED-DOWN AUDIO-TAPE, A WOMAN FALLS BACKWARDS IN STOP-MOTION. FOUR. THREE.

ZERO.



AAAAEEIGH

B DAT!

B DAT!

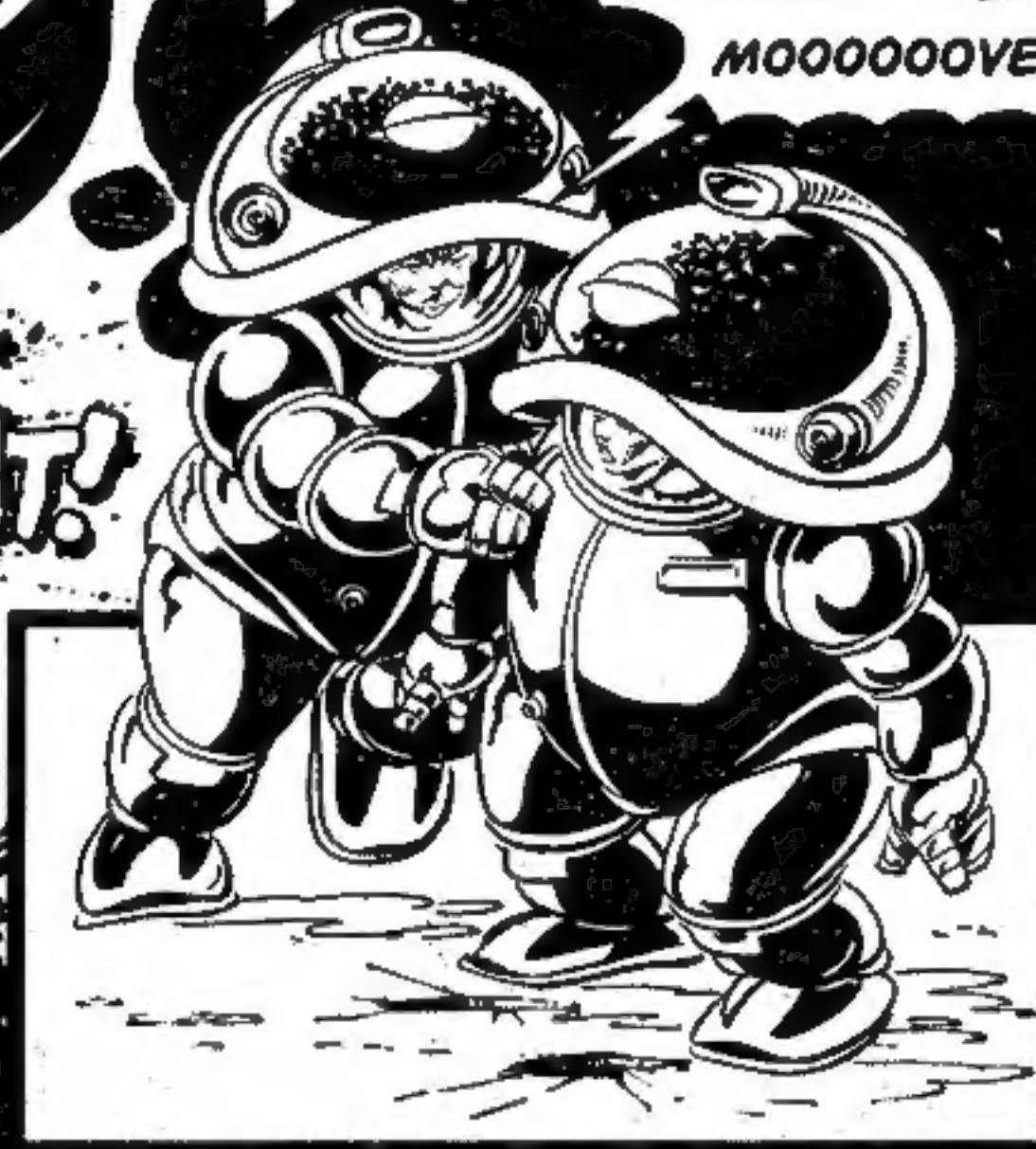
B DAT!

B DAT!

THE DEAD WOMAN IS SCREAMING. I AM SCREAMING. SERGEANT MYRMIDON IS SCREAMING...

KEEP MOVING! HER SUIT'S PENETRATED. THE SHIELDS WILL FAIL ANY SECOND!

MOOOOOOVE!!



MINUTE 3:

WE MOVE. BEHIND ME, THERE'S A SOUND LIKE SOMETHING BIG, SMACKING ITS LIPS. THE SOLDIER'S G-SUIT HAS IMPOLODED...

...AND SUDDENLY I'M STANDING IN HER.

OH NO.
OH NO.
OH NO.

DON'T STOP YOU STUPID RATGASH OR I'LL SHOOT YOU MYSELF!

WE HAVE TO REACH CENTRE-ZONE AND CHECK IF OUR AUTO-ARTILLERY IS STILL INTACT!

I RUN ON INTO THE MADNESS, WITH WOMAN ON MY BOOTS.

I'M DIMLY AWARE OF THE REST OF THE PLATOON, CLANKING ALONG BEHIND THE SERGEANT AND ME.

THE GIANT SMACKS HIS LIPS AGAIN. SOMEONE'S G-SUIT HAS IMPOLODED. I DAREN'T LOOK ROUND TO SEE WHOSE.

AND SUDDENLY WE'RE THERE! WE'RE AT THE ARTILLERY POSITION!

IT'S DEAD. THIS THING SHOULD BE PUMPING OUT TWO THOUSAND PULSES A SECOND.

WE'LL HAVE TO GO BACK AND NOTIFY THE CYBERNETICISTS.



MINUTE 4:

GO BACK. WE HAVE TO GO BACK. THIS WHOLE THING IS SO STUPID AND IT'S MAKING ME SO FRIGHTENED. I TURN AND COLLIDE WITH MONA, WHO'S RIGHT BEHIND ME.

WHAT ARE YOU? AN IMBECILE? GET OUT OF MY WAY! IF WE GET KNOCKED OVER IN THESE SUITS WE'LL NEVER GET UP!

INSIDE HER HELMET, SHE'S CRYING. WHY AM I SHOUTING AT HER?

I JUST WANT TO LIVE IS ALL.

OH, I WANT TO LIVE SO MUCH...

WE'RE RUNNING BACK TOWARDS THE SHIELD DOORS, SPLASHING THROUGH PINK PUDDLES THAT ONCE HAD NAMES, WITHOUT EVEN NOTICING.

SERGEANT MYRMIDON IS BEHIND ME. AHEAD, THE SHIELD DOORS ARE OPENING.

OH NO. THE WEIGHT OF THIS SUIT... THE MOMENTUM... I CAN'T KEEP UP WITH IT! I'LL TRIP OVER BEFORE I REACH THE DOOR!

IT'S NO USE. I DON'T THINK I'M GOING TO...

ESCUDO ABIERTO

MAKE

IT.

DOORS OPEN

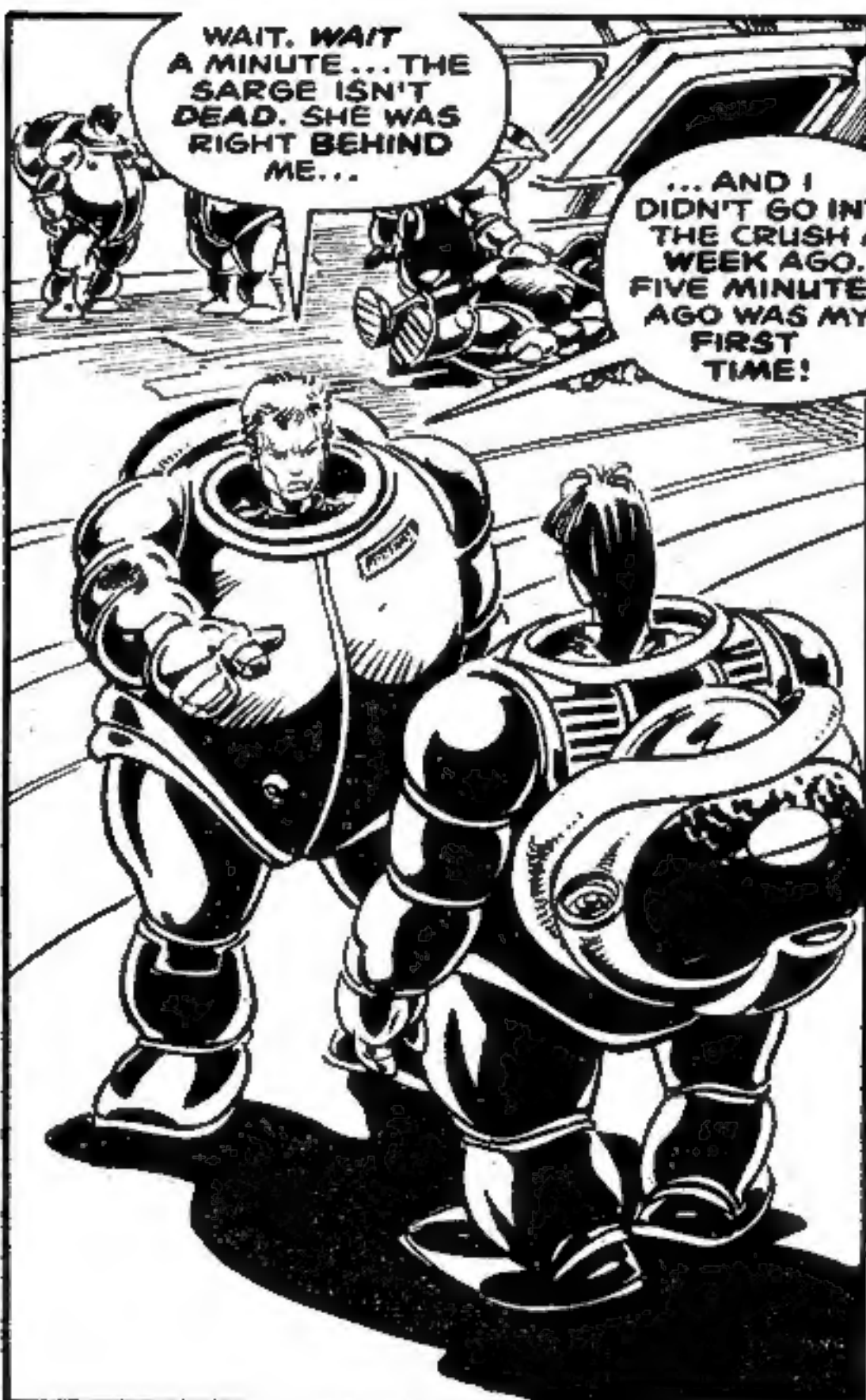
UUWAAH!



IT'S... IT'S ALL SMASHED. NEEDS A CYBERNETICIST. IT...

UHH...

CORPORAL JONES?







THARG'S FUTURE-SHOCKS

The
ARMAGEDDON
GAME

DEEP IN NO MAN'S
SPACE, THE ARMED
FORCES OF EARTH
AND OF SHILITE
COME FACE TO
FACE.

THE MIGHTIEST
ARMIES EVER
ASSEMBLED
PREPARE FOR
A BATTLE THAT
CAN HAVE
BUT ONE
CONCLUSION...



THE DESTRUCTION OF ALL KNOWN SPACE!

2000AD

Credit Card:

SCRIPT ROBOT
PETE MILLIGAN

ART ROBOT
SKIZZIKS

LETTERING ROBOT
TONY JACOB

COMPU-73E

IN THE EARTH
FLAGSHIP, ADMIRAL
SLY GIVES THE
FATEFUL COMMAND...

BEGIN
COUNTDOWN...

LET'S BLOW
THAT SCUM OUTA
THE SKY!

10.9.8...

WHILE IN THE SHILITE FLAGSHIP...

VICTORY
IS AT HAND...

THE HUMAN
DOGS WILL BE
CRUSHED!

7.6.5...

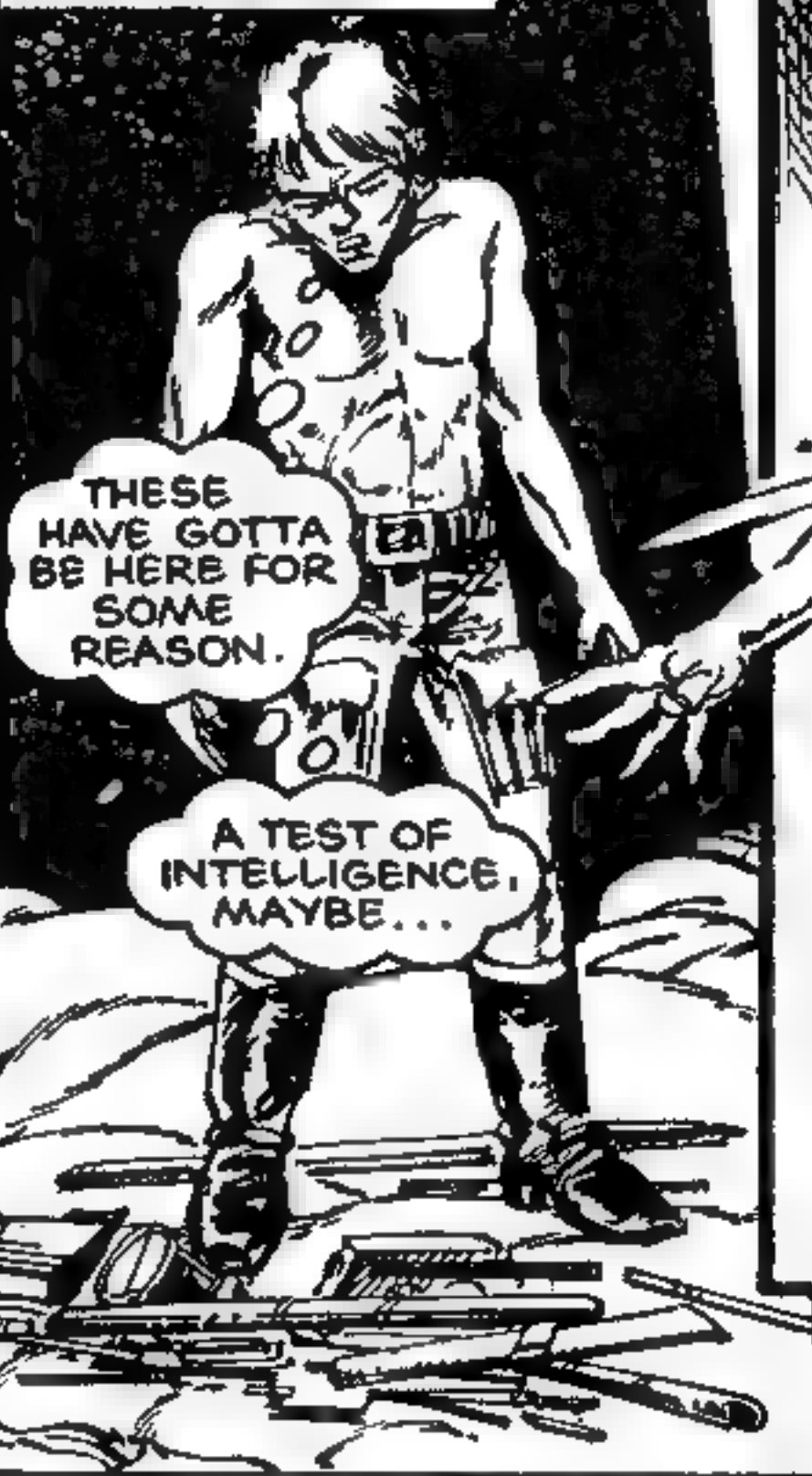
BUT SUDDENLY...

THE COMMANDER!

HE'S GONE!



ON EACH PALM, THE LEADERS FIND AN IDENTICAL ARRAY OF METALLIC INSTRUMENTS...



THESE HAVE GOTTA BE HERE FOR SOME REASON.

A TEST OF INTELLIGENCE, MAYBE...

BUT...

UNGNNN!



SHILITE'S USING THE INSTRUMENTS AS MISSILES!

CRUDE... BUT EFFECTIVE...



WHEN SLY TRIES TO RETURN THE COMPLIMENT...



UHR! TOO WEAK!

CAN'T THROW IT FAR ENOUGH!



HA!

YOU'RE NO MATCH FOR A SHILITE WARRIOR!



HE'S TOO STRONG FOR ME!

CLUNK!

GONNA HAVE TO OUT-THINK HIM...



SOMETHING ABOUT THIS... OF COURSE! A BETA-BASED ENERGY-ROD... AND THIS COULD BE A FIRING MECHANISM...

I'VE GOT ALL I NEED TO MAKE A CRUDE HEAT-CANNON!



THE SHILITE IS TOO ENGROSSSED IN HIS OWN ACTIVITIES TO NOTICE THE ADMIRAL'S DISCOVERY.

YOU CANNOT WIN, EARTH-DOG!

I'LL POUND YOU INTO SPACE-DUST!



UNTIL...

WHO'S LAUGHING NOW, PIG-FACE?



SSSSSSSSSS!

AAA!!!!!!

INSTANTLY, SCY REAPPEARS IN HIS FLAGSHIP...

YOU'VE WON! YOU'VE SAVED HUMANITY!

HOLY HOLOCAUST! LOOK AT THE SCREEN...



THE HIGHER BEING'S DESTROYING OUR SHIPS!

BUT WE WON! THE SHILITES SHOULD BE DESTROYED!



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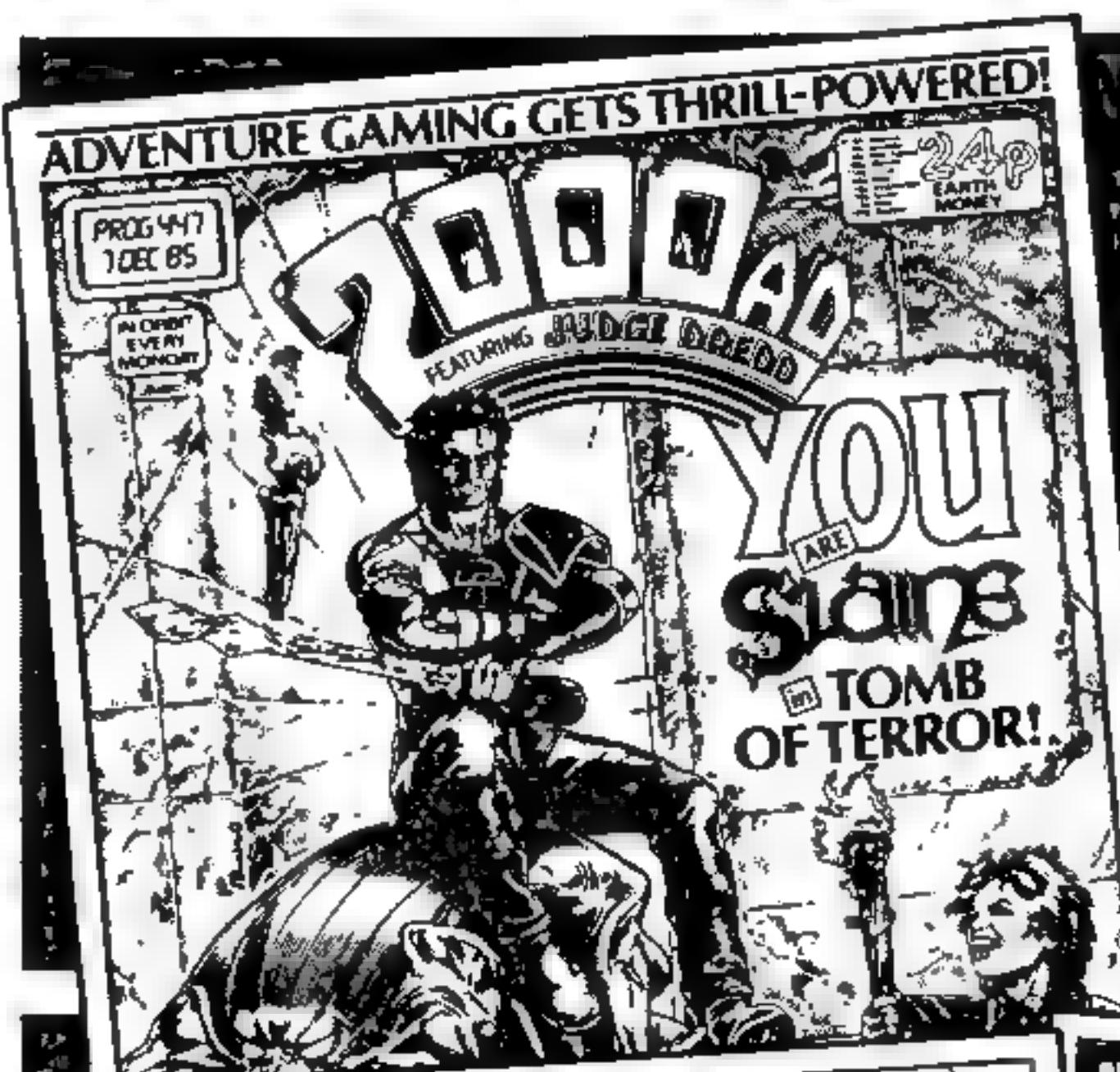
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LAIRS & SNARES



The recent Slaine saga "Tomb Of Terror" was a mega-hit with the Squaxx dek Thargol! Written by Pat Mills, it told of Slaine's quest to slay the dark god Grimnismal before it awoke and laid waste to the Earth!

The artwork, by Glenn Fabry and David Pugh was equally zarjaz, bringing to life all the horrors that awaited Slaine.

Now here's your chance to win the page of your choice from "Tomb of Terror". Yes! You could be the proud owner of an original piece of Slaine artwork specially signed by the artist!

Interested? Then go to "How To Enter". (If you're not interested, you must be one of the Slaine artists. In which case—stop slacking and get back to your drawing board!)



Competition!

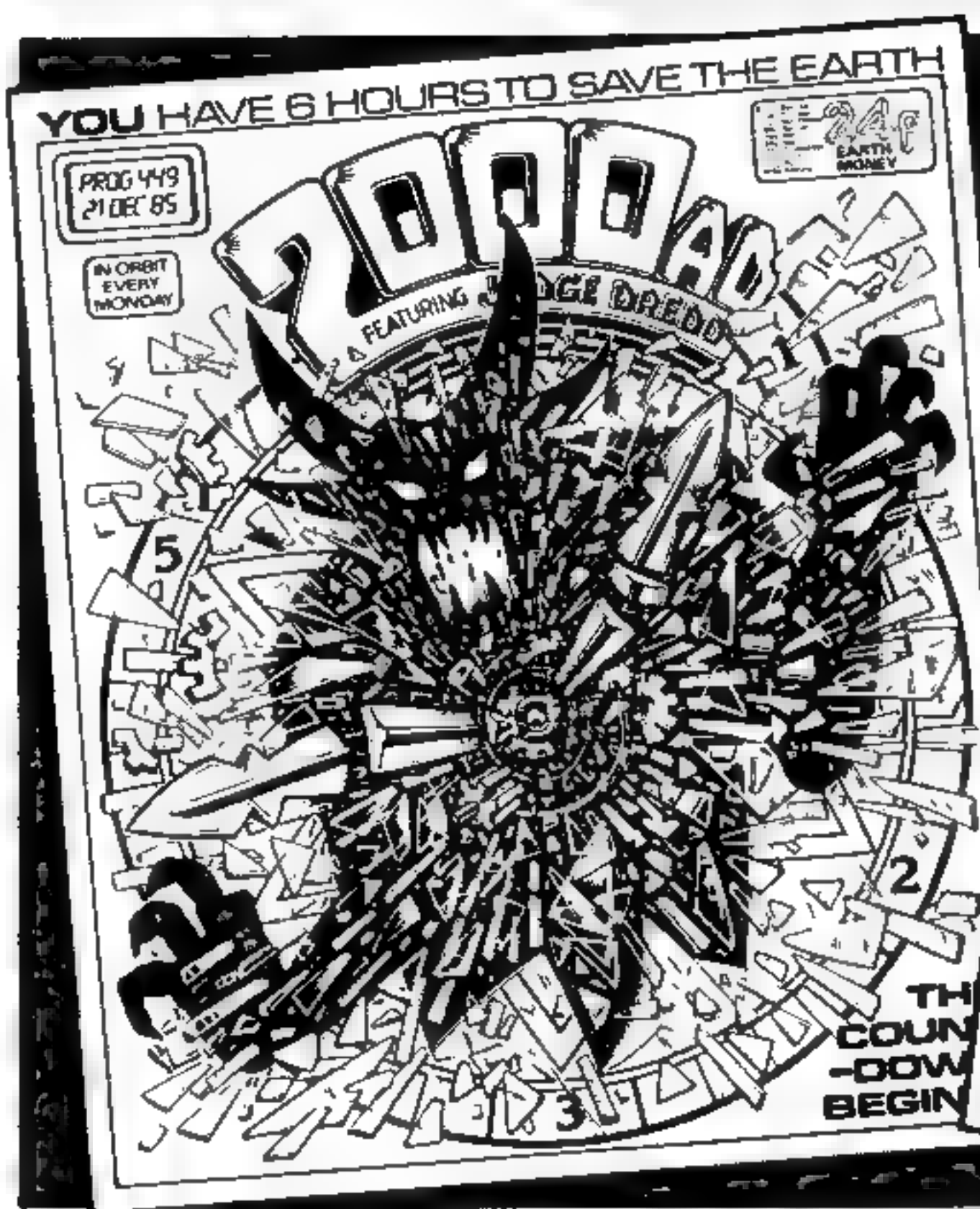
You Could
Win A Page Of
Original SLAINE
Artwork!

HOW TO ENTER

Before Slaine could complete his quest, he had to avoid a whole host of fiendish traps. Traps which had been cunningly devised to ensnare even the cleverest intruder in the dark god's tomb.

What we want *you* to do is design a trap that could be used in a *future* Slaine story. All you need to do is draw a diagram of the trap and explain briefly how it works. For example, the picture opposite shows a trap that Slaine encountered in 2000 AD's *DICEMAN* No 1. The trap is a seemingly innocent chair. However, when you sit in it, you trigger a powerful spring which hurls you towards the ceiling and certain doom!

The more original and creative your trap the better. When you have devised it, sign it with your own name, age and address and post the entry to 2000 AD/LAIRS & SNARES Competition, London, SE99 6YP to arrive by Wednesday, 2nd April.



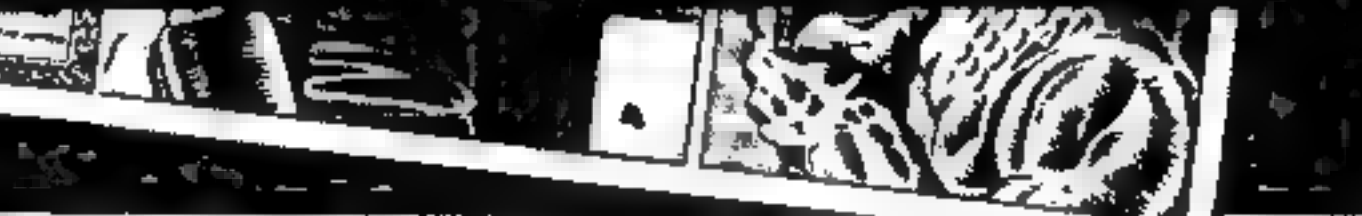
RULES

This competition is open to all readers in Great Britain, Northern Ireland, Eire, the Channel Islands and Isle of Man except employees (and their families) of IPC Magazines Ltd. or the printers of 2000 AD.

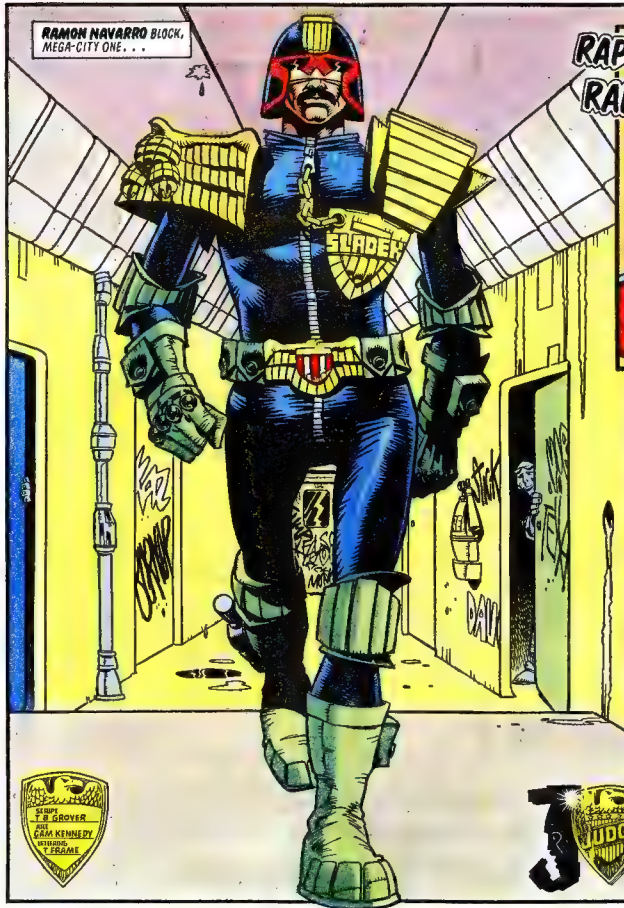
All entries arriving by the closing date will be examined and the prize awarded to the sender of the most original, imaginative and best-described trap with age being taken into account.

IMPORTANT: We regret that entries can NOT be returned.

IPC Magazines Ltd. reserve the right to use entries in any way they wish. The Editor's decision is final and no correspondence will be entered into. The winner will be notified and the result published in a later prog of 2000 AD.

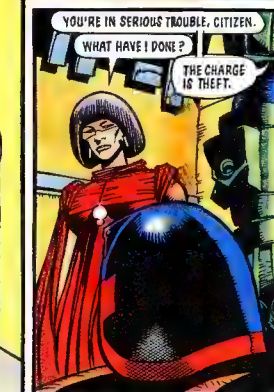


RAMON NAVARRO BLOCK,
MEGA-CITY ONE...



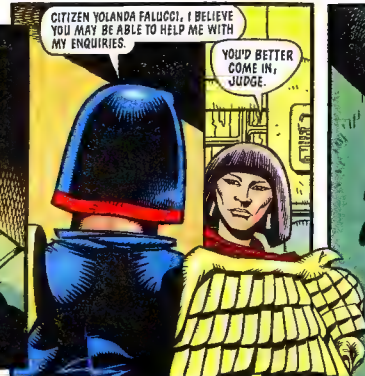
RAP!
RAP!

21 &
Y. FALUGGI



CITIZEN YOLANDA FALUGGI, I BELIEVE
YOU MAY BE ABLE TO HELP ME WITH
MY ENQUIRIES.

YOU'D BETTER
COME IN,
JUDGE.



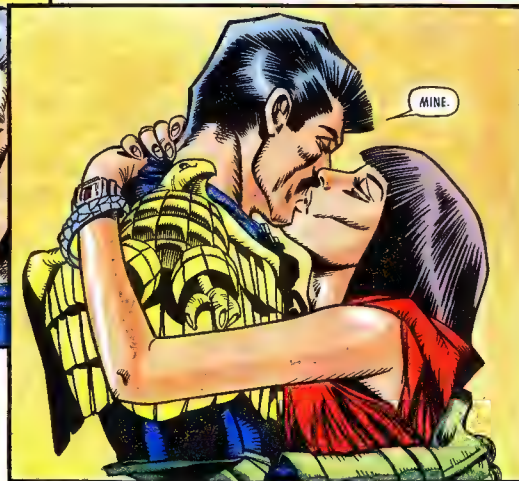
THAT JUDGE IS
NEVER AWAY FROM
HER DOOR!



IT'S
HARRASSMENT.
THAT'S WHAT
IT IS! A POOR
WOMAN!



ITEM:
ONE HEART.



JUDGE DREDD

ONCE ME AN' KNEEPAD AN' DIRTY JOHN HAD DECIDED ON BLACKMAILING SLYDOG SLADEK, WE HAD TO FIGURE THE BEST WAY OF GOING ABOUT IT.

HELLO, JUSTICE CENTRAL...?

I MEAN, YOU DON'T JUST PED UP TO A JUDGE IN THE STREET AN' SAY: HEY, LAWMAN, I GOT A TAPE SLUG OF YOUR BIG LOVE SCENE WITH YOUR SECRET POOPSIE!

WANNA SPEAK TO JUDGE SLADEK.

SLADEK'S UNAVAILABLE. WHAT'S YOUR PROBLEM, CITIZEN?

IT'S JUST BETWEEN ME AN' SLADEK. LISTEN, GIVE HIM A MESSAGE...

TELL HIM TO MEET ME IN ONE HOUR, CORNER OF BONAR AN' SKED. TELL HIM I GOT SOME VERY IMPORTANT INFO.

WHAT'S YOUR NAME, CITIZEN?

NO NAMES.


RECKON HE'LL SHOW, SONNY?

HE BETTER, IF HE KNOWS WHAT'S GOOD FOR HIM.

OL' KNEEPAD, HE'S CRAZY, MAN. I MEAN, HERE WE ARE WITH A GENUINE JUDGE IN OUR POCKETS AN' HE'S STILL KNEEIN' PAY PHONES.

CHINNGG!

GUESS OLD HABITS DIE HARD.



I'VE GOT BAD NEWS, VANCE. MY EX-HUSBAND SELWYN - HE'S FOUND OUT ABOUT US.

HOW?

I DON'T KNOW. HE PHONED ME - SAID HE'S GOT SOME KIND OF EVIDENCE.

BUT WHY? WHAT DOES OUR RELATIONSHIP MATTER TO HIM?

YOU DON'T KNOW HIM, VANCE. HE'S A JEALOUS MAN. HE CAN'T STAND THE THOUGHT OF ANYONE ELSE HAVING ME.

GRUD! IF EVEN A WHISPER ABOUT US GETS BACK TO JUSTICE DEPARTMENT, I'M FINISHED!

WOULD THAT BE SO BAD, VANCE? AT LEAST WE COULD COME OUT IN THE OPEN - BUILD A REAL LIFE TOGETHER, LIKE NORMAL PEOPLE.

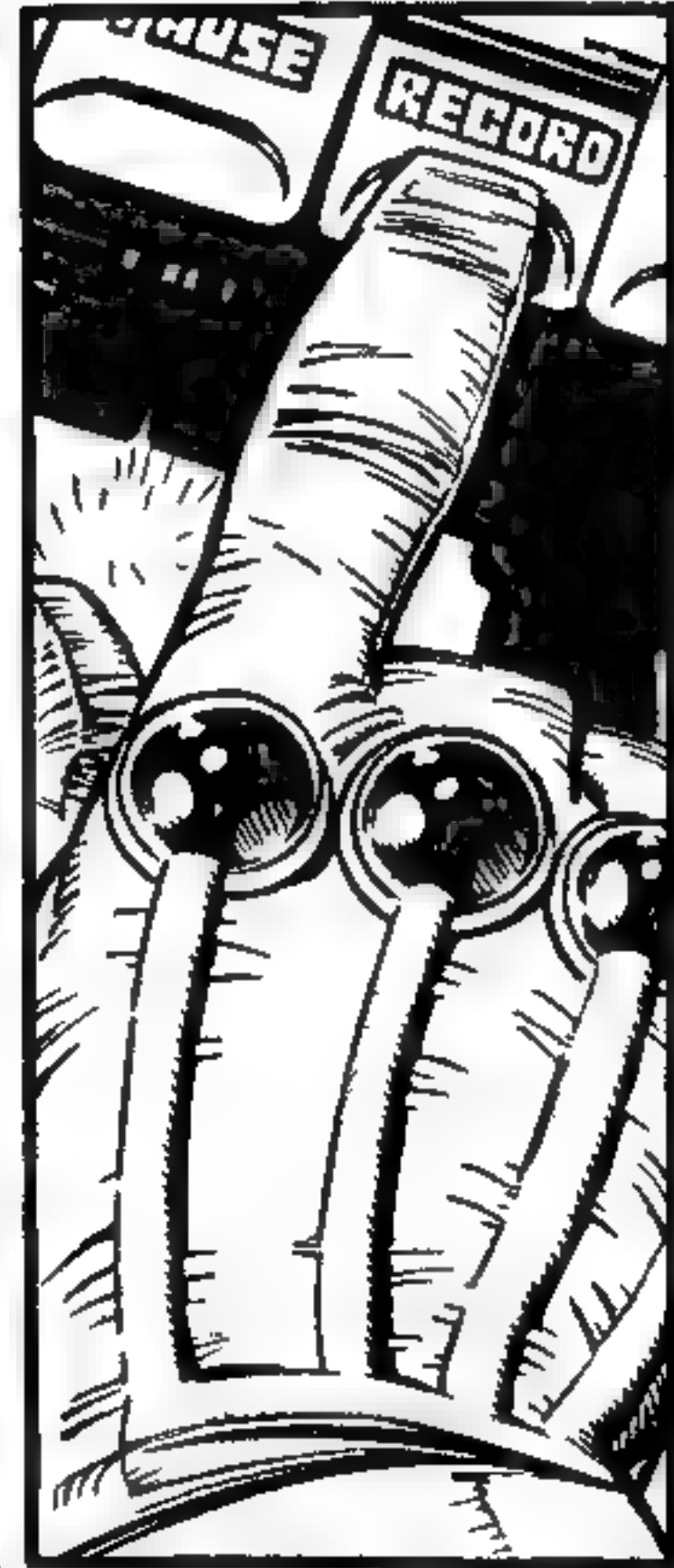
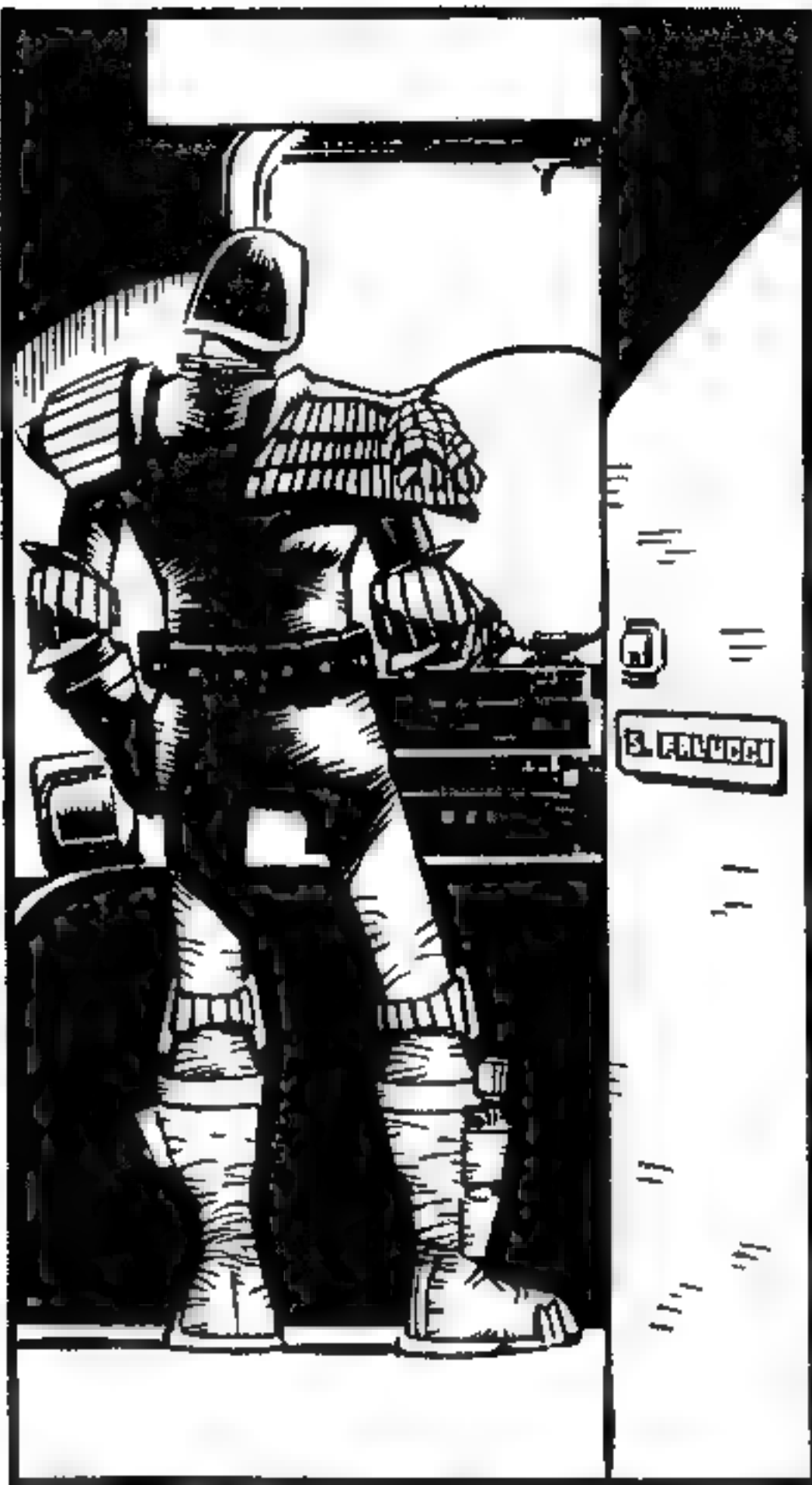
YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND, YOLANDA. I'M **NOT** NORMAL. I'M A JUDGE.

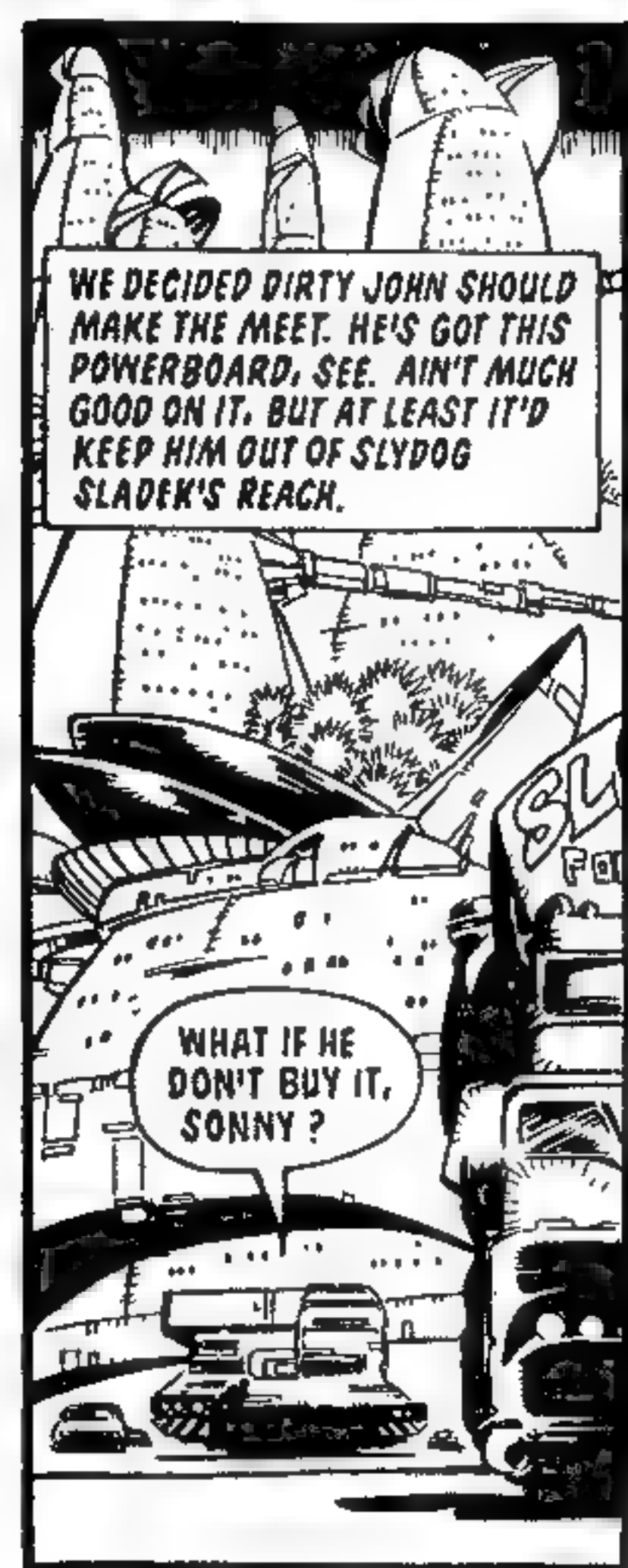
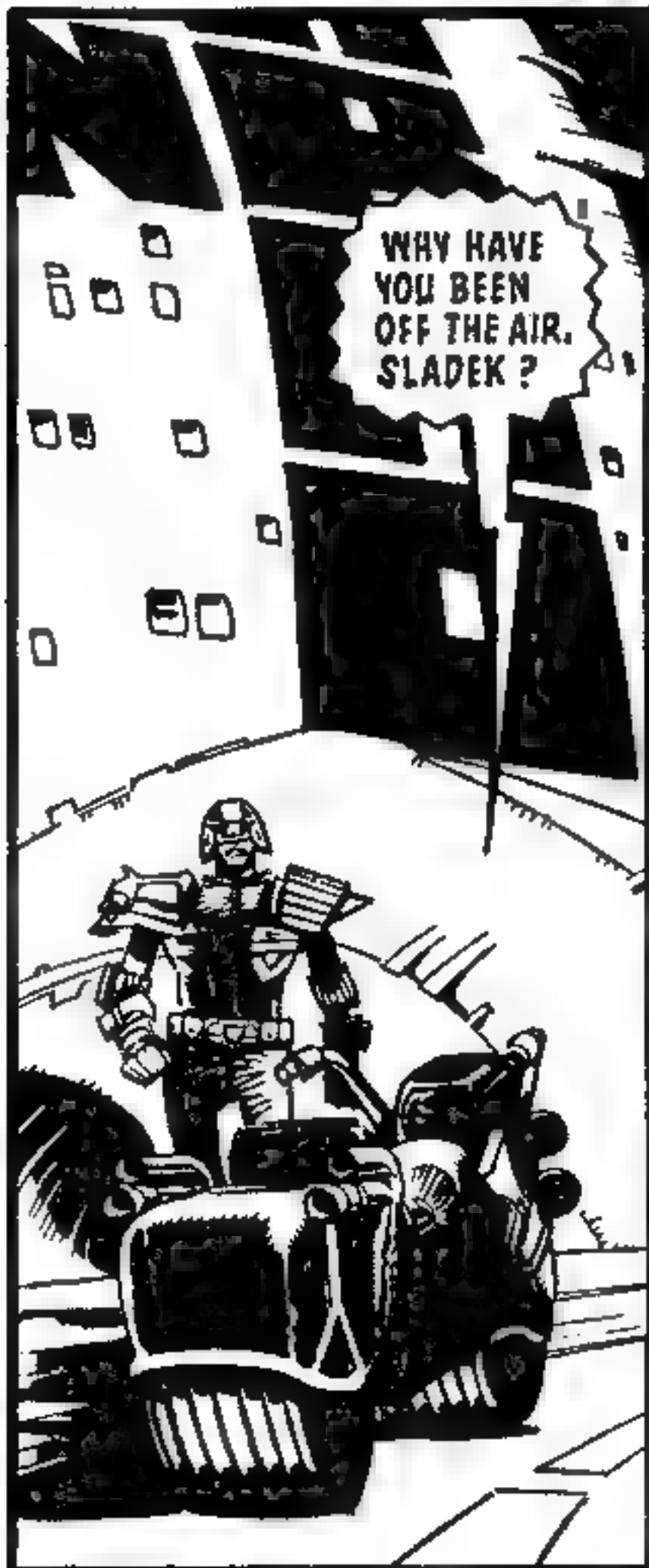
GRUD KNOWS, I LOVE YOU. YOU'VE SHOWN ME A NEW SIDE OF LIFE - ONE I NEVER DREAMED EXISTED.

BUT NO MATTER HOW MUCH I LOVE YOU, I CAN'T STOP BEING WHAT I AM. IT'S **PART** OF ME.

SELWYN'S VICIOUS. IF HE'S GOT EVIDENCE, HE'LL USE IT.

DON'T WORRY. I'LL TALK SOME SENSE INTO SELWYN



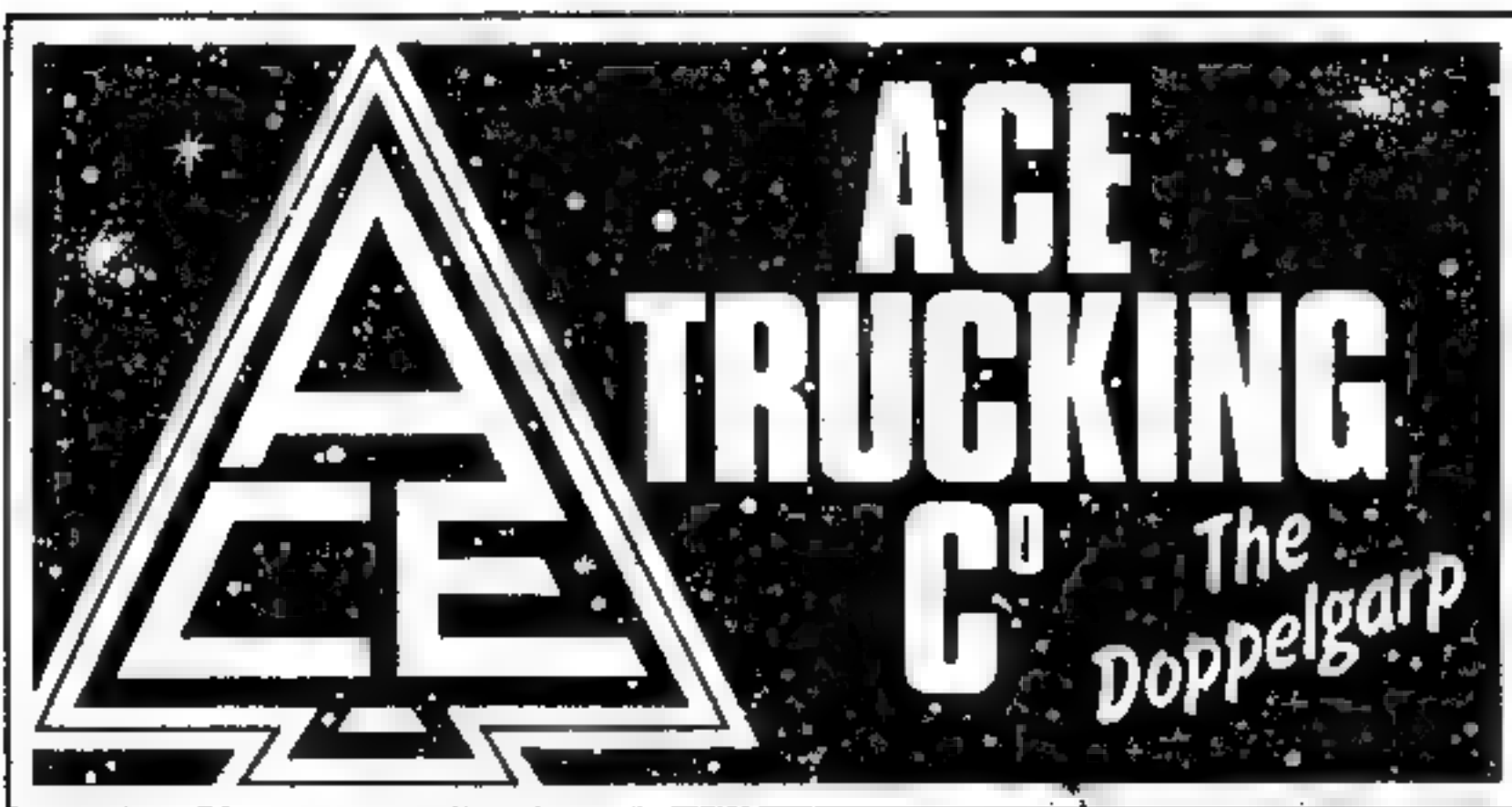


MAKE SURE YOU DO NEXT TIME.

GOT A MESSAGE FOR YOU. INFORMANT CALLED, WANTS A MEET. WOULDN'T GIVE A NAME.

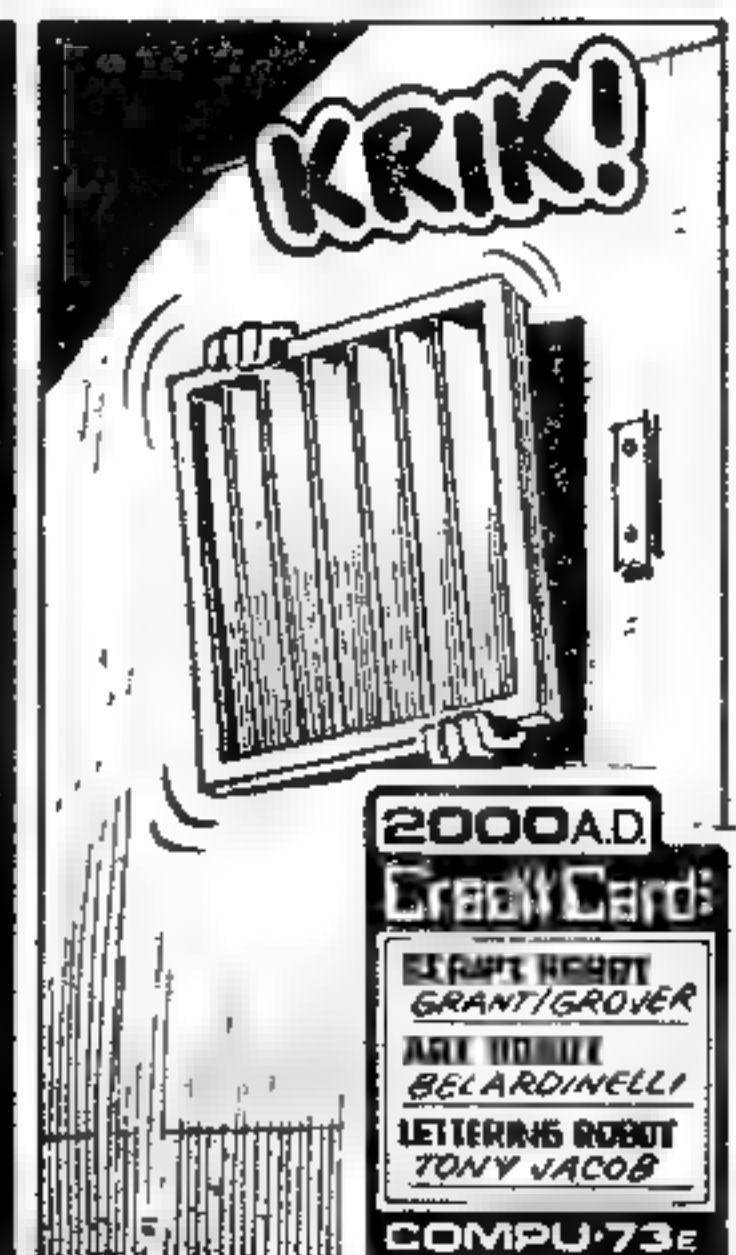


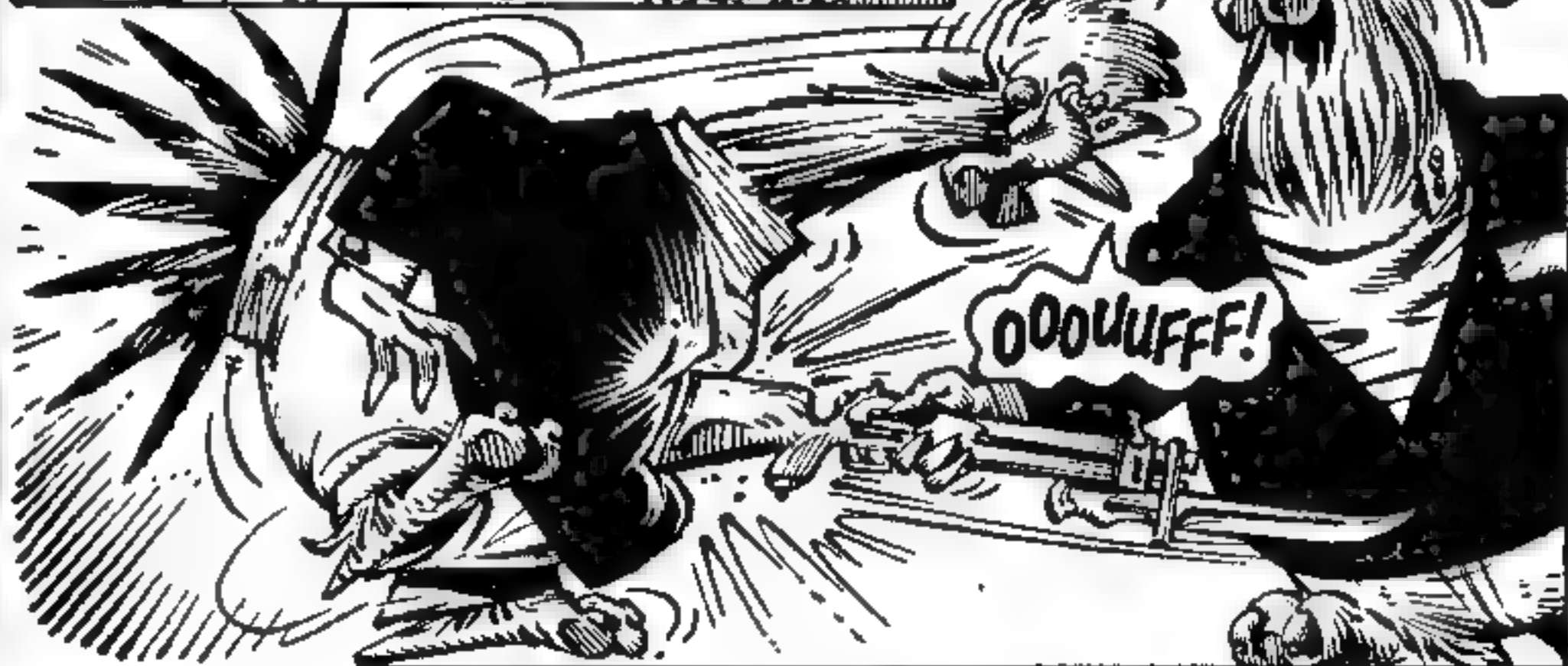
NEXT PROG THE PRICE OF LOVE!



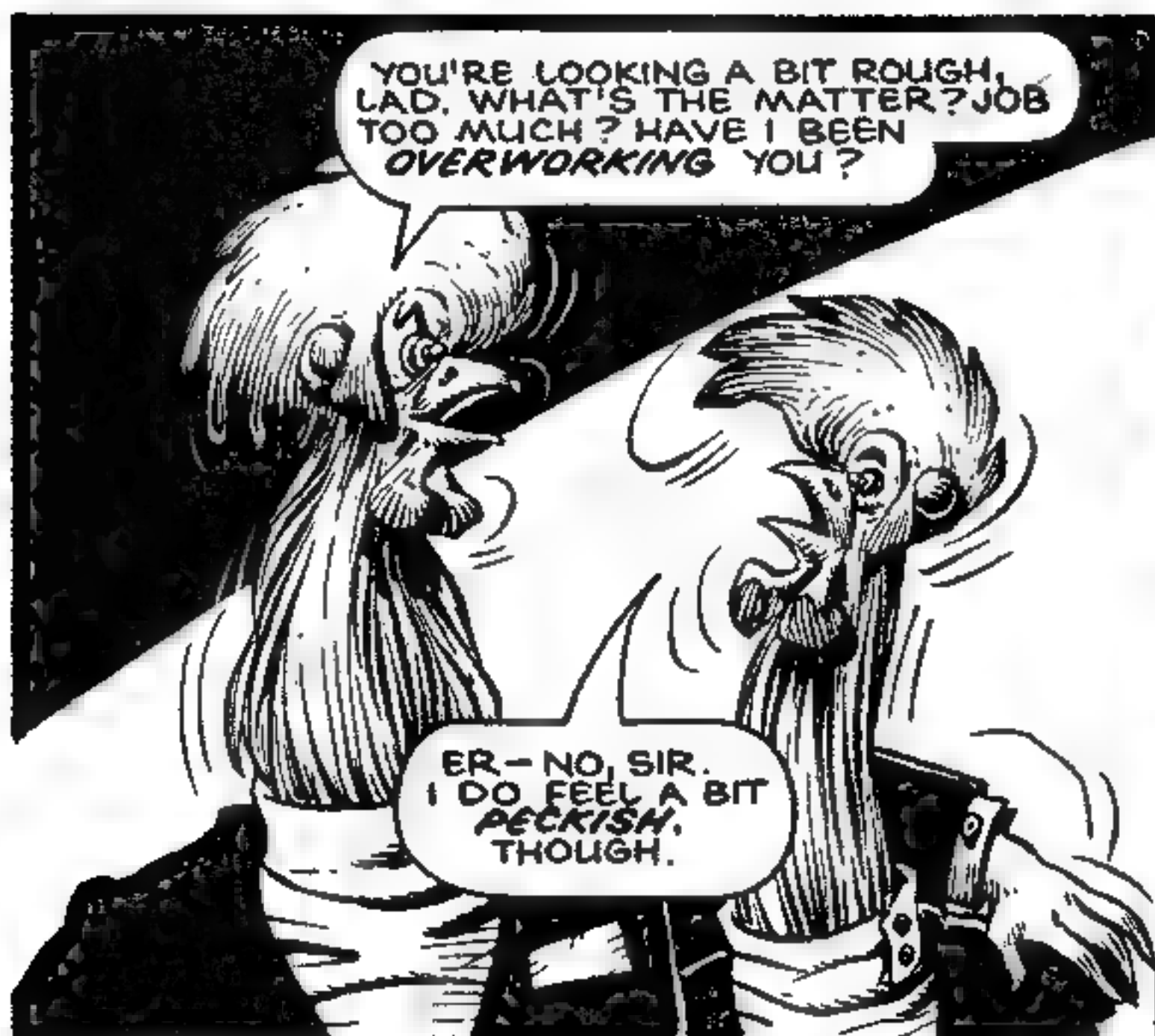
IN A PARALLEL UNIVERSE, SPACE TRUCKER ACE GARP HAS TEAMED UP WITH HIS DUPLICATE TO SMUGGLE A CARGO OF HIGHLY-INTOXICATING BOOZLBUGS INTO UCKPUCK, THE CHICKEN WORLD. BUT SPEEDO GHOST HAS BEEN TAKEN OVER BY CAPTAIN LEGHORN AND HIS CUSTOMS CHICKENS, AND THE ACES AND CO HAVE BEEN LOCKED UP...

ESTIMATED TIME OF ARRIVAL ON UCKPUCK, THREE HOURS, SIR!









793 AD. STRONTIUM DOG JOHNNY ALPHA HAS BEEN SENT BACK IN TIME TO TRACK DOWN MAX BUBBA AND HIS MUTIE GANG — THE CAUSE OF THE MASSIVE TIME DISTORTIONS WHICH THREATEN TO WIPE OUT ALL HISTORY! NOW, THE FINAL SHOWDOWN —

SLAY THEM!

HOT DOG! THESE BOYS JUST DON'T KNOW WHEN TO CALL IT A DAY!

Strontium Dog

2000AD
Credit Card:
SCRIPT BY
ALAN GRANT
PLOT BY
JIM HENRY
ART BY
C. EZQUERRA
EDITED BY
KID ROBSON
COMPU-73

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SCRIPT BY
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PLOT BY
JIM HENRY
ART BY
C. EZQUERRA
EDITORIAL BY
KID ROBSON
COMPU-73

LET 'EM HAVE IT!

AAAAAH!

BATTABATTABATTABATTA

ACH!



WULF — COME BACK! WE CANNOT FIGHT WEAPONS SUCH AS THEIRS!

JOHNNY WEIRD-EYES IS OUR FRIEND! WE CANNOT LEAVE HIM TO FACE THESE DEMONS ALONE!



WHAT DO YOU SAY, STRONT? JOIN US! HELP US WIPE OUT THE NORMS! MUTIES — FREAKS LIKE YOU AND ME — WE'LL INHERIT THE EARTH!

GOT TO ADMIT — IT'S A TEMPTING OFFER, BUBBA. I AIN'T EXACTLY CARRYIN' A TORCH FOR THE NORMS MYSELF.

BUT WHAT'S THE ALTERNATIVE? MURDERING TRASH LIKE YOU FOUR?



NO THANKS!



IMPETIGO!



HELL! TIME GRENADE!



HAVE IT YOUR OWN WAY, STRONT! DIE!





NEXT PROG:
A DOG'S LIFE?

零雨

a reiu scan